

BOND ISSUE OF \$35,000 HALTED BY MAYOR SMITH

Council Agrees to Abandon Contemplated Purchase of Eagle Hall in Florence for Fire Department.

Mayor Smith and the city commissioners, in session Tuesday, agreed that the bond issue for \$35,000 for the purchase of the Eagle hall, at Florence, for fire department quarters for that section should be entirely ignored.

The proposition for the bond issue was submitted at the recent municipal election and received a large majority.

Mayor Smith, in a communication to the commissioners, said he had investigated all the matters pertaining to the passage of the ordinance and contracts that had been entered into between the promoters of the deal and the members of the former city council. He had found the proposition so vague and the property so unsuitable he advised no action be taken and the bonds not issued, letting the whole matter go by default and die a natural death.

Mayor's Action Approved.

Members of the commission agreed to the action of the mayor on the grounds that it would cost more to remodel the building than it would be worth for fire hall purposes and they would stand on refusal to issue the bonds for purchase until ordered to do so by the courts.

Members of the West Leavenworth Improvement club petitioned that the commission hold at least two night sessions of the body every month, so workingmen and others employed during the day would be enabled to have access to the council to make recommendations or objections to legislation affecting them. The matter was taken under advisement.

Action was taken toward re-strengthening and economy when Lucien Stephens, secretary of the library board, asked permission of council to dispose of a roadster car, formerly used by the library board employees, on the ground that the car was costly in upkeep and operation. He said that more economical means had been found to deliver books to branch libraries.

Mayor Smith turned over the high-powered seven-passenger car used by the department of public affairs to the police department. Ringer asked if this action would do away with the chauffeur of the car, and thereupon was that the chauffeur was automatically disposed of in this action.

On the recommendation of Police Commissioner Ringer, the Missouri Pacific railroad company was ordered to place a crossing watchman at the grade crossing at Forty-eighth and Leavenworth streets.

Ure, Falconer and Butler were named as a committee to investigate the need for a municipal garage for cars used by the city in other than the fire and police departments.

The appointment by Park Commissioner Falconer of 22 playground supervisors at \$75 per month, 14 life guards at \$70 per month, 12 clothes checkers at \$60 per month, one swimming pool foreman at \$100 per month and three assistants at \$90 per month was confirmed by council.

Hoover Refutes Reports That Wheat Need Not Be Conserved

A telegram was received Tuesday by State Food Administrator Wattles from National Food Administrator Hoover refuting reports circulated to the effect that conservation of wheat is no longer necessary.

"Statements have been circulated that food administration officials declare further conservation of wheat is unnecessary," says the telegram.

"No such statements have been made. On the contrary, conservation is urgently necessary until the coming harvest if we are to our soldiers and allies. There are at present 75,000,000 bushels of wheat in the hands of the farmers and in storage. The normal consumption of our people during the next three months would be 120,000,000. A large part of the 75,000,000 bushels on hand must be exported. Therefore it is necessary for our people to use not more than one-third of their normal supply of wheat during the next three months."

Iowa State College Dedicates "Bomb" to Director Wattles

This year's issue of "The Bomb," annual publication of the junior class at Iowa State college, is dedicated to Gurdon W. Wattles of Omaha. His picture appears as the frontispiece of the handsome volume, with the legend, "In grateful tribute to Gurdon W. Wattles, who has given so willingly that the less fortunate might enjoy the possibilities of a college education."

Mr. Wattles worked his way through this college when he was a poor boy, receiving 10 cents an hour for his work. Seven years ago Mr. Wattles agreed to give \$1,000 a year to a student loan fund for the college. The fund has now reached \$7,000. Seniors and juniors can draw on it for loans if their records show them worthy. No security is required, but the student pays a per cent interest until he graduates and 6 percent thereafter until he repays the loan.

Wheat Abstinence Appeal Favorably Met in Nebraska

Nebraska received Hoover's appeal to abstain from the use of wheat until next harvest without a dissenting voice, according to information from county food administrators to Gurdon W. Wattles.

Throughout the state, ministers who read the appeal from their pulpits encouraged the rigid observance of the request and in many localities, congregations passed unanimous resolutions to abide by the request.

Three Men Sentenced for Selling Booze to Soldiers

Edward King, John Murray and R. H. Toner, arrested recently by military police from Fort Omaha and charged with selling liquor to soldiers in uniform, were sentenced to 30 days imprisonment by Judge Woodruff Tuesday morning in federal court.

Harry Lauder in the War Zone

A Minstrel in France Tells His Personal Experiences on the Western Fighting Front

CHAPTER X—SCOTLAND AND THE WAR.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)
Scotland and the War.

Let me tell you how Scotland takes this war. Let me show you the homecoming of a Scottish soldier, back from the trenches on leave. Why, he is received with no more ceremony than if he were coming home from his day's work!

Donald—or Jock might be his name, or Andy!—steps from the train at his old home town. He is fresh from the mud of the Flanders trenches, and all his possessions and his kit are on his back, so that he is more like a beast of burden than the natty creature old tradition taught us to think a soldier must always be. On his boots there are still dried blobs of mud from some hole in France that is like a crater in hell. His uniform will be pretty sure to be dirty too, and torn, and perhaps if you looked closely at it, you would see stains upon it that you might not be far wrong in guessing to be blood.

Leave long enough to let him come to Scotland—a long road it is from France to Scotland these days!—has been a rare thing for Jock. He will have been campaigning a long time to earn it—months certainly, and maybe even years. Perhaps he was one of these who went out first. He may have been mentioned in dispatches; there may be a distinguished conduct medal hidden about him somewhere—worth all the iron crosses the Kaiser ever gave! He has seen many a bloody field, be sure of that. He has heard the sounding of the gas alarm, and maybe got a whiff of the dirty poison gas the Hun turned loose against our boys. He has looked death in the face so often that he has grown used to him. But now he is back in Scotland, safe and sound, free from battle and the work of the trenches for a space, home to gain new strength for his next bout with Fritz across the water.

When he gets off the train Jock looks about him, from force of habit. But no one has come to the station to meet him, and he looks as if that gave him neither surprise nor concern. For a minute, perhaps, he will look around him, wondering, I think, that things are so much as they were, fixing in his mind the old familiar scenes that have brought him cheer so often in black, deadly nights in the trenches, or in lonely billets out there in France. And then, quietly, and as if he were indeed just home from some short trip, he shifts his pack, so that it lies comfortably across his back, and trudges off. There would be cabs around the station, but it would not come into Jock's mind to hail one of the drivers. He has been used to using Shank's mare in France when he wanted to go anywhere, and so now he sets off quietly, with his long, swinging soldier's stride.

As he walks along he is among scenes familiar to him since his boyhood. You house, you barn, you wooded rise against the sky are landmarks for him. And he is pretty sure to meet old friends. They nod to him pleasantly, and with a smile, but there is no excitement, no strangeness, in their greeting. For all the emotion they show, these folk to whom he has come back, as from the grave, they might have seen him yesterday, and the day before that, and the war never have been at all. And Jock thinks nothing of it that they are not more excited about him. You and I may be thinking of Jock as a hero but that is not his idea about himself. He is just a Tommy, home on leave from France—one of a hundred thousand, maybe. And if he thought at all about the way his home folk greeted him it would be just so—that he could not expect them to be making a fuss about one soldier out of so many. And, since he, Jock, is not much excited, not much worked up, because he is seeing these good folk again, he does not think it strange that they are not more excited about the sight of him.

It would be if they did make a fuss over him and welcome him loudly, that he would think it strange!

At last he comes to his own old home. He will stop and look around a bit. Maybe he has seen that old house a thousand times out there, tried to remember every line and corner of it. And maybe, as he looks down the quiet village street, he is thinking of how different France was. And, deep down in his heart, Jock is glad that everything is as it was, and that nothing has been changed. He could not tell you why; he could not put his feelings into words. But it is there, deep down, and the truer and the keener because it is so deep. Ah, Jock may take it quietly, and there may be no way for him to show his heart, but he is glad to be home!

And at his gate will come, as a rule, Jock's first real greeting. A dog, grown old since his departure, will come out, wagging his tail, and licking the soldier's hand. And Jock will lean down and give his old dog a pat. If the dog had not come he would have been surprised and disappointed. And so, glad with every fiber of his being, Jock goes in, and finds father and mother and sisters within. They look up at his coming, and their happiness shines for a moment in their eyes. But they are not the sort of people to show their emotion or make a fuss. Mother and girls will rise and kiss him, and begin to take his gear, and his father will shake him by the hand. "Well," the father will ask, "how are you getting along, lad?"

"—All right," he will answer. That is the British soldier's answer to that question, always and everywhere.

Then he sits down happy and at rest, and lights his pipe, maybe, and looks about the old room which holds so many memories for him. And sup-

per will be ready, you may be sure. They will not have much to say, these folk of Jock's, but if you look at his face as dish after dish is set before him, you will understand that this is a feast that has been prepared for him. They may have been going without all sorts of good things themselves, but they have contrived in some fashion to have them all for Jock. All Scotland has tightened its belt, and done its part, in that fashion, as in every other, toward the winning of the war. But for the soldiers the best is none too good. And Jock's folk would rather make him welcome so, by proof that takes no words, than by demonstrations of delight and of affection.

As he eats, they gather round him at the board, and they tell him all the gossip of the neighborhood. He does not talk about the war, and, if they are curious—probably they are not—they do not ask him questions. They think that he wants to forget about the war and the trenches and the mud, and they are right. And so, after he has eaten his fill, he lights his pipe again, and sits about. And maybe, as it grows dark, he takes a bit walk into town. He walks slowly, as if he is glad for once he need not be in a hurry, and he stops to look into shop windows as if he had never seen their stocks before, though you may be sure that, in a Scottish village, he has seen everything they have to offer hundreds of times.

He will meet friends, maybe, and they will stop and nod to him. And, perhaps, one of six will stop longer. "How are you getting on, Jock?" will be the question.

"All right!" Jock will say. And he will think the question rather fatuous, maybe. If he were not all right, how should he be there? But if Jock had lost both legs, or an arm, or if he had been blinded, that would still be his answer. Those words have become a sort of slogan for the British army, that typify its spirit.

Jock's walk is soon over, and he goes home, by an old path that is known to him, every foot of it, and goes to bed in his own bed. He has not broken into the routine of the household, and he sees no reason why he should. And the next day it is much the same for him. He gets up as early as he ever did, and he is likely to do a few odd bits of work that his father has not had time to come to. He talks with his mother and the girls of all sorts of little, commonplace things, and with his father he discusses the affairs of the community. And in the evening he strolls down town again, and exchanges a few words with friends and learns, perhaps, of boys who haven't been lucky enough to get home on leave—of boys with whom he grew up, and who have gone west.

So it goes on for several days, each day the same. Jock is quietly happy. It is no task to entertain him; he does not want to be entertained. The peace and quiet of home are enough for him; they are change enough from the turmoil of the front and the ceaseless grind of the life in the army in France.

And then Jock's leave nears its end, and it is time for him to go back. He

tells them, and he makes his few small preparations. They will have cleaned his kit for him, and mended some of his things that needed mending. And when it is time to go they help him out with his pack and he kisses his mother and the girls goodbye, and shakes hands with his father.

"Well, goodbye," Jock says. He might be going to work in a factory a few miles off. "I'll be all right. Goodbye now. Don't you cry, now, mother, and you, Jeannie and Maggie. Don't you fash yourselves about me. I'll be back again. And if I shouldn't come back—why, I'll be all right."

So he goes, and they stand looking after him, and his old dog wonders why he is going, and where, and makes a move to follow him, maybe. But he marches off down the street alone, never looking back, and is waiting when the train comes. It will be full of other Jocks and Andrews and Tams, on their way to France, like him, and he will nod to some he knows as he settles down in the carriage.

And in just two days Jock will have traveled the length of England, and crossed the channel, and ridden up to the front. He will have reported himself, and have been ordered, with his company, into the trenches. And on the third night, had you followed him, you might see him peering over the parapet at the lines of the Hun, across No Man's Land, and listening to the whine of bullets and the shriek of shells over his head, with a star shell, maybe, to throw a green light upon him for a moment.

So it is that a warrior comes and that a warrior goes in a land where war is war; in a land where war has become the business of all every day, and has settled down into a matter of routine.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Boy From Omaha Upon West Front Breaks Leg

Rev. John Gordon, for many years pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church, has just been informed by cable that his son, First Lieutenant John Gordon, United States reserves, who was born in Omaha, had his leg broken in an airplane accident in France, where he has been for six months in the aviation section of the American expeditionary force. He is reported as doing finely. Dr. Gordon's older son, Captain Alexander Gordon, United States reserves, is also in France in the 306th field artillery.

Mayor Smith Speaks Up At Meeting of City Council

"I do not think that the right of petition should be made a vehicle for libel," was a remark by Mayor Smith at city council meeting.

A communication had been read, protesting against the appointment of Henry Bridwell, as plumbing inspector.

The petition recited that he had incited violence as a walking delegate in the plumber's strike some years ago and was signed by the Omaha Master Plumbers' association.

No action was taken on the protest.

Three Alleged Auto Thieves Bound Over to District Court

Charles Barker, Clarence Love and Harold Tyler, in police court Tuesday on a charge of stealing an automobile, belonging to Joe McDonald, 1910 Webster street, were bound over to district court on a charge of grand larceny.

GOOD RAINS FALL OVER NEBRASKA, RAIL MEN REPORT

Soil is Thoroughly Saturated Throughout State; Growing Wheat and Corn Are in Fine Shape.

The rain of Monday night extended out over a large portion of the state, according to reports of the railroads.

On the Union Pacific main line all the stations between Omaha and Grand Island, and between North Platte and Cheyenne reported good rains. Between Grand Island and North Platte none was reported.

"This certainly is the finest thing that ever happened," said General Freight Agent Lane. "We had just held our breath as long as we possibly could and the rains of the last week came just in the nick of time. I could hardly believe my eyes when I looked up the rainfall up to May 20. It was .41 of an inch from May 1 to 20, a small fraction of what we should have had. But now we are fixed up. The soil and subsoil are saturated. Pastures are green and luxuriant and the fields of growing wheat and corn are in fine shape."

"We got a report from our Kansas City office today stating that Kansas will produce 100,000,000 bushels of wheat this year on 7,000,000 acres. That is nearly 15 bushels per acre, which is going strong for Kansas."

PIONEER BRICK MANUFACTURER CALLED BY DEATH

William H. Gatewood, pioneer brick manufacturer of Omaha and resident of this city for many years, died Monday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Charles Hoye, 3042 Spring street. He was 81 years old.

Mr. Gatewood was born in Shelbyville, Ind., September 25, 1834, and came to Omaha in 1878, having been identified with the principal brick manufacturing concerns in the city prior to his going into business for himself. He had not been actively engaged in business for over 30 years prior to his death, owing to an accident which befell him at his plant some years ago.

He is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Charles Hoye, and a sister, Mrs. Jane Badger, both of Omaha, and two brothers, James, of Papillion, and Joel, of Decatur.

The Rev. J. M. Wilson will officiate at the funeral services which will be held Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Hulse & Rippen's chapel. Interment will be in Forest Lawn.

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POSTUM
A BEVERAGE THAT MEETS PRESENT DEMANDS AGAINST WASTE AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

Mitchell Six
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This Six at \$1250 Is Too Great a Value to Last

It is the only big Six which now sells at \$1250. [The output is restricted, as with all cars this year. Costs are still advancing, so prices must go higher. We urge all interested people to see this new car now.]

An Impressive Car We Get But a Few

This new Mitchell Light Six has 120-inch wheelbase and a 40-horsepower motor.

It is long and low and roomy. The lines are exquisite. The body is built, finished and upholstered with unusual luxury in the new Mitchell body plant. It is the handsomest Six of the season.

The motor is a high-speed Six, very economical. And Mitchell Sixes have a world-wide fame.

In the past year the over-strength standards have been vastly increased in this car. Experts in endurance have studied every part.

The equipment includes many unusual features. And this is the only Light Six with shock-absorbing springs.

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No phone or mail orders accepted, and we cannot deliver the plants at this price.

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Over 100,000 young women comprise the operating force alone—a force now handling an intricate telephone traffic of more than thirty million messages a day.

Telephone employees everywhere are playing a big part in the war-time activity of the nation. They are meeting each task with a spirit that at all times deserves from the public a courteous appreciation of their efforts.

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